Western Kansas World.

Yearly Subscription, $1.50. STOCK FARMING THE BASIS OF OUR INDUSTRIES. Givler & Crooks, Proprs.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR. WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1895. NUMBER 42.

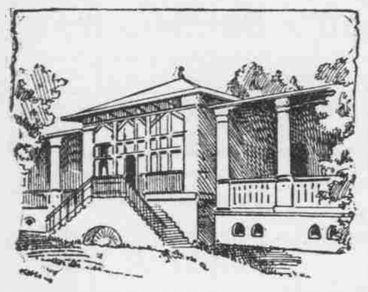
THE BERLIN EXPOSITION.

It Will Be a Good Show, But Not a World's Fair.

The Grandeur of the Chicago Fair Proved Too Much for Those Berliners Who Had Dreamed of an International Show.

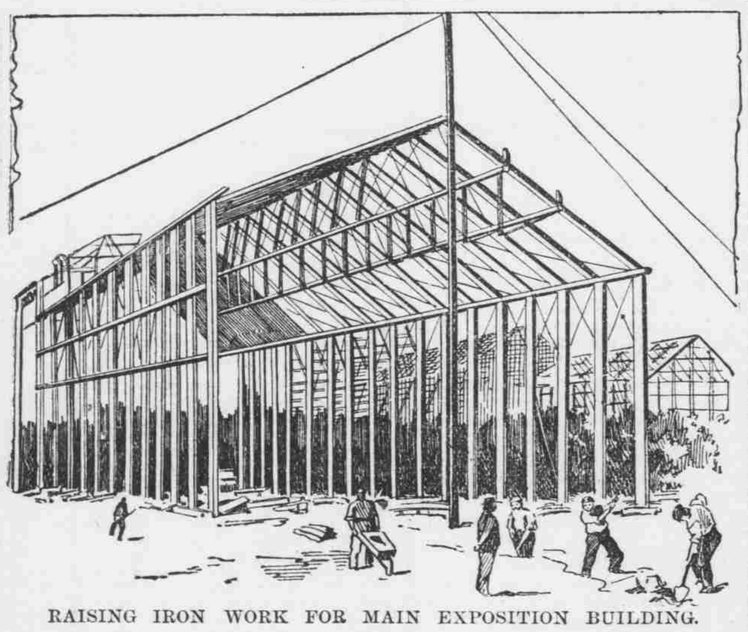
Special Berlin Letter.

For ordinary purposes Berlin has gumption enough, but not quite enough for a world's fair. The plan to hold such a fair was considerably talked about in 1892, and for a time the scheme looked as if it would eventually become a reality, but at last it was dropped. The principal reason for this apparent modesty on the part of Berlin was the



HEADQUARTERS OF THE CONSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT.

conviction that such a gigantic undertaking as a universal exposition, one which would have stood the test of comparison with the Chicago exposition, wouldn't pay. The Chicago world's fair, in fact, was too much for the embryonic Berlin one—it knocked all hopes of overtopping it into a cocked hat. Repeatedly Berlin has made a move to hold a world's fair, and every time it has dropped the intention on looking a little closer into it. For Berlin—like New York—has a lot of local patriotism, but this laudable sentiment stops short of the pocket. Thus it is that instead of a world's fair Berlin will have a local industrial exposition next year. Her citizens believe that it will pay them better. And I think they are quite right, for the hordes of strangers



RAISING IRON WORK FOR MAIN EXPOSITION BUILDING.

who will visit Berlin next year will know that the exhibits are Berlin-made, and whatever advantage is to be reaped commercially from the exposition will all go into the pocket of Berlin. That city wants to show the world that it has become the greatest industrial center of Europe—her people fondly hope, in fact, to demonstrate that they can go even Paris one better.

Well, preparations on a large scale have been making for 18 months. First, of course, came the inevitable tussle between two suburbs as to securing the location. After it had been decided to put the exposition in Treptow, a charmingly rural suburb about four English miles from the densely populated city itself, things have been duly hurried, and by this time the exposition grounds are in a far more advanced state than the Chicago fair was six months before the opening. The location, of course, is much more advantageous—being direct by the shores of the Spree river, in direct connection with the whole railway system of Berlin and with the urban road, or "Stadtbahn," and the grounds consist of a beautiful natural park somewhat larger than Lincoln park in Chicago, with thousands of enormous shade trees and fine drives and walks. Nothing needed adding to, all that was necessary being the taking off or hewing down in spots. The total area thus made available for the purposes of this exposition is more than sufficient, being about 3,000,000 square metres. Some 7,000 exhibitors have already taken space, and the industries and arts thus represented comprise nearly everything the human mind and hand fashion nowadays—from the simplest, cheapest toy up to the most recent triumph of science and inventiveness, and from the carpenter's bench to the daintiest bit of ivory carving.

During an afternoon I spent there this week my mind was forcibly carried back to Chicago and the fall of '92—the same heroic struggle against time and space. Here, too, 3,000 workmen toil night and day, and after dark the scene is fairy-like, with its many thousands of electric lights that replace the solar disc. Some 300 buildings are going up simultaneously, and as the winters here are mild, compared to American winters in the northern states, mechanics may labor in the open air nearly every day until next spring. Some of the structures are almost finished now, some for restaurants and similar places, but the iron pillars of the main exposition hall—purchased for a song from the Antwerp exposition—form nothing but a skeleton as yet.

On the whole this Berlin fair will show no strikingly novel features in the line of exhibits, but there will be many sideshows of unusual interest. Of course there is to be a sort of midway plaisance, with African villages, with a microcosmic reproduction of Cairo, with a German colonial exposition from the tropics, with theaters and concerts, dance halls, wicked and demure both. A peculiar feature will be "Old Berlin"—a complex of buildings and costumed inhabitants representing the growth of the city from a fisher village 900 years ago to a place of nearly 2,000,000 souls.

Part of this is to be a fireproof iron theater, in which a series of specially-written historical plays will be performed during the season—plays written by the best dramatists of Germany and exclusively borrowing their subjects from the stirring past of the city. Such men as Dahn, Wildenbruch, Wolzogen are among the authors of these odd plays, in which the great Hohenzollern rulers of the last half millenium will personally stalk over the stage.

Among the exhibits proper the most interesting, perhaps, will be electric and technical, with about two score of hitherto unknown inventions, of which some at least are going to astonish the world. The different methods of illumination in vogue to-day, of which the "gas glow light" in its various adaptations is probably as interesting as any, not to forget the most recent innovation, the "alcohol glow lights," are to be exhibited side by side in such a way as to show the advantages and the shortcomings of each at a glance.

The Berlin municipal council, a body of men than whom there is probably no more enlightened nor estimable, is encouraging this city enterprise in all possible ways, and a couple of millions have been devoted to it out of public funds. The same architects who did such excellent work for the German section at the Chicago world's fair, with Hoffacker at the head, are the technical leaders of this enterprise as well, and nearly all the buildings on the grounds will be handsome and original in design and execution.

On the grounds there will be, during the exposition, a number of special attractions. A small lake—about one-half mile in length—is now being formed, and on it naval spectacles, regattas, races, etc., will be arranged for, even including a sham naval battle between Roman and Carthaginian vessels, and between Genoese and Moslem ships. An immense playground is being laid out, where athletic games of every kind, something patterned after the Olympian games of classical times, are to be held in the presence of the emperor and his court. These features, no doubt, will tend to make the exposition a social success as well, and that will help to make it a financial one.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

Afraid of the Dark.

"Its getting quite dark now," remarked Cholly, as they sat on the front piazza.

"Yes," she answered, with a touch of scorn as she surveyed the small distance between them. "One might imagine that you were afraid of the dark."—Texas Siftings.

A Marked Man.

"There goes a fellow who has a great pull," said the drumer.

"Ah!" answered the visitor to town, with heightened interest; "one of your local politicians, probably?"

"No," the drumer replied, with a drummer's rigid adherence to truth; "he's a barber."—N. Y. Recorder.

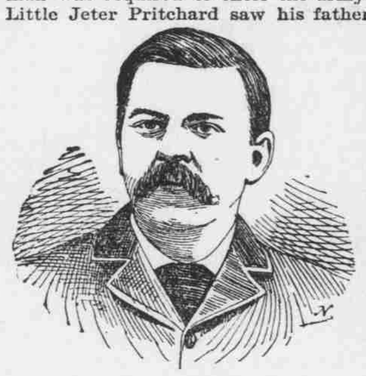
SENATORIAL LEADERS.

A Non-Partisan View of Famous Partisan Chiefs.

How Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, Became an Intense Republican—Voorhees, of Indiana, and His Record—Other Old-Timers.

Special Washington Letter.

Jeter Connelly Pritchard, of North Carolina, is one of the youngest men ever attaining the prominence of membership of the senate of the United States. He was born in Jonesboro, Tenn., July 12, 1857, and is therefore only 38 years old. Before he had seen his seventh birthday he witnessed a sight which impressed itself upon his memory and made an imprint there which has in some degree affected his entire life. There was a great civil war in progress, and the southern states were in sore straits. Every able-bodied man was required to enter the army. Little Jeter Pritchard saw his father



SENATOR J. C. PRITCHARD, N. C.

taken away from home, by compulsion, to enter the confederate army, and he never saw him again. Although he has resided in North Carolina for many years, he has always been an ardent and active republican worker. He blames the opposite party for that scene of his childhood, and consequently is an intense partisan. He received a common school education, and when a mere child entered a printing office to learn the trade. He became an editor and part proprietor of a weekly newspaper. He has been a presidential elector, a candidate for lieutenant governor of his state, and delegate to the Minneapolis convention of 1892. In 1894 he entered into a fusion with populists in North Carolina, and was elected by the legislature to fill the unexpired term of Senator Vance, who died in 1894. His term of service will expire March 3, 1897. He is a large man, quiet, unpretentious, but forceful. He has not yet participated in general debate in the senate, but his record as a stump speaker is such that it is fair to presume that his voice will be heard on the floor of the senate during the coming session. There will be exciting times, and Senator Pritchard will undoubtedly participate in the discussion of the topics of great national interest which will be brought to the attention of the senate and of the country very soon after the 54th congress convenes. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the doctrine of "protection to American industries," and is president of the North Carolina Protective Tariff league.

Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, is now in the sear and yellow leaf of life. He was born in Ohio in 1827, and is, therefore, 68 years of age. During the last three years his health has been impaired, and one year ago his life was despaired of by his physicians. He is a man of powerful physique and courtly bearing. He is a great orator and a great lawyer. When only 30 years old he was appointed United States district attorney for Indiana, and held that position until he entered congress in 1861. He remained in congress continually until 1872, when he was defeated for reelection. He says, in his brief autobiography which is in the Congressional directory, that he was defeated then "by reason of the nomination of Horace Greeley as the democratic candidate for president." He did not want Greeley nominated, could not give him active support, and lost his seat in congress. When the great Oliver P. Morton died, Senator Voorhees was appointed to succeed him in the senate, and has been continuously a senator since November 12, 1877. He has been a member of the important committee on finance during all these years, and is now chairman of that committee. He has always been an advocate of the free coinage of silver, and was elected to the senate in 1879 on that issue over Benjamin Harrison. As chairman of the committee on finance, he was manager of the bill for the appeal of the silver purchasing act in 1893, and endured much criticism for his course at that time. Although an ardent advocate of the cause of silver, he believed that the act referred to should be repealed, and it was done. He is one of the great men of his age, and has been a party leader for many years. His views are extreme, and his political utterances have always been of the most aggressive nature. No prominent democrat has brought upon himself more virulent attacks from the press of the opposition than Senator Voorhees. He has been pictured by editorial writers and cartoonists as a political demon, and yet he is one of the most pleasant, genial gentlemen ever in public life. Democrats and republicans alike, when they attain prominence, are subjected to intense criticism by the opposition in this country, and the people never get a really correct idea of their great public men until after they are dead. Then, and not till then, are their virtues adequately described.

John Sherman, the great republican leader, was born in Lancaster, O., in 1823, and is now nearly 73 years old. Nobody has been more hated and maligned by democratic papers and orators than John Sherman. One of the principal things said against him is that he is cold-blooded; that he is repellant, and that he never warms up to any person, even of his own political party. Let that story be denied emphatically right here. While it is true that, in his public capacities, he has always been extremely dignified and guarded, it is at the same time true that John Sherman is a man of warm and generous impulses, and always true to his friends. He has been accused of being rich. That is also true; and he has accumulated his own fortune. He was admitted to the bar when 21 years old, and immediately began a political career. He was one of the leaders of the young men in the old whig party of Ohio, and presided over the first republican convention held in that state in 1855. He then went to congress, and was the republican caucus candidate for speaker in 1859-60, when Nathaniel P. Banks was elected as a compromise candidate. He was elected to the senate in 1861, and has been a member of that august body ever since, with the exception of the four years of the Hayes administration, when he was secretary of the treasury. It is generally conceded that he is one of the greatest financiers of this age, and that his administration of the treasury was marked by distinguished ability and fidelity to the great trust reposed in him at a time when our national credit was threatened.

Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, is a misunderstood man. He is a democrat, and one of the forceful, aggressive kind. Such men are bound to excite criticism and fault-finding from the opposition. Personally, I do not like Senator Mills, because of one little circumstance. In the summer of 1888, when Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, a life-long democrat, asked unanimous consent for 15 minutes, time to complete his protective tariff speech, Senator Mills rushed down the aisle of the house of representatives shouting "I object," thereby shutting off the great Randall. It was unkind. It was unfair. It was unwise. I sat in the press gallery, witnessed the scene, and took a dislike to Senator Mills which will always last. But I have been so long dealing with public men and measures as a writer and critic that it is not difficult to set aside personal prejudice and tell the truth. Senator Mills is an intensely nervous man. He was born in Virginia in 1829, and is now 66 years of age. He is by nature an athlete physically, and his intellectual force is phenominal. He is a student. He is a scholar. He is a hard worker and a

SENATOR R. Q. MILLS, TEX.

splendid orator. He is personally one of the most honest and honorable men I have ever known. No suspicion of jobbery ever was attached to him during his long public career.

Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont, now 85 years old, is one of the grand men of this nation. He has been in congress 40 years and has served his country with honor and distinction. He has the honor of having his name connected with the tariff bill of 1863, which produced the revenues required during the civil war and for many years afterwards. He has always been a republican, and his position as chairman of the senate committee on finance has brought him prominently before the country in all revenue legislation. He is an old man, and speaks on all public affairs with the utterance of an oracle. His once powerful voice is now weak, but when it is announced that he will address the senate he is always given an audience by his colleagues. He cannot now be heard by the galleries, but in the days of his virility he was a magnificent orator, and thousands flocked to hear him. He is a gentle and modest man, never showing any of the elements of egotism which often mar the good of public men. SMITH D. FRY.

A Last Hope.

First Lawyer—Both the law and the facts are clearly against us.

Second Lawyer—Ye-es. We'll have to use great care in selecting the jury.—Puck.

First Real Confidences.

"Now that we are married, Penelope, and have nothing to conceal from each other, how—"

"I'm 29, George. How much did you give the preacher?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Great Man.

"Does your wife ever play any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend Benderly.

"Never," replied Benderly.

"Well, mine does. She flatters me."

"Often?"

"O, yes, frequently; particularly in winter," replied Frederick.

"Why does she taffy you so much in winter?"

"Whenever the coal fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says: 'Frederick, the grate.'"—Texas Siftings.

A Redeeming Feature.

"My dwelling is bounded on the north by a gas works, on the south by an india-rubber works, on the west by a vinegar manufactory, and on the east by a glue boiling establishment."

"A nice neighborhood, I must say."

"Quite so; but it has one advantage. I can always tell which way the wind blows without looking at the weather cock."—Humoristische Blaetter.

IN PARIS.

Waiter—Shall I bring monsieur a demi-tasse?

Wilkins (from Chicago)—Yes, and a small cup of coffee.—Truth.

Seen from Two Standpoints.

"Aha!" said Mrs. Strongmind, as she and her husband sat in one of the Paris cafes listening to the band. "See there—there is a woman playing in that orchestra. She is gradually getting her rights here in France, anyhow."

"Thihnk so?" laughed Mr. Strongmind. "I don't. That woman is playing the second fiddle."—Detroit Free Press.

Over a Thousand.

The glorious charge of the Light Brigade,
By Tennysons famously sung,
Is nothing to that which my doctor made
For taking a look at my tongue.
—N. Y. Recorder.

Not a Mere Clerk.

Wealthy Parent—What, engaged yourself to young Tapester? Outrageous! The idea of a Van Junesberry marrying a mere store clerk!

Daughter—But he isn't a store clerk now, papa. He is a gentleman of leisure.

"Eh?"

"Yes; he has been discharged."—N. Y. Weekly.

Where the Pugs Missed It.

"Corbett and Fitzsimmons can't be very smart. Why it would be the easiest thing in the world for them to arrange to pull off their fight right in New York."

"And not get arrested?"

"Certainly not. All they have to do is to become center rushes on rival football elevens."—Brooklyn Life.

The Time for Romance.

Groom—Well, that umbrella is gone and I'll have to get another one. We'll stop in Bigg, Store & Co's.

Bride—Horrors! no. Go to some little shop on a side street.

"Dear me! Why?"

"My darling, let's not spend our honeymoon waiting for change."—N. Y. Weekly.

What Other Kind?

"What a nasty smell burnt powder has!" said Johnny.

"Powder?" exclaimed his elder sister, Miss Maud, looking up. "Why it hasn't any sm—O, you mean gunpowder!"

And she turned a lovely, creamy shade of vermillion and became absorbed in her fashion magizine again.—Chicago Tribune.

The Force of Habit.

On the day before the execution the keeper informs a doomed man that a visitor wishes to see him.

"Do you know who he is?" asks the doomed man.

"No."

"Well, just ask him if he wants to collect a bill, and if he does tell him to call day after to-morrow."—Texas Siftings.

Breaking a Record.

"Tommy," whispered his mother, as they sat down to dinner, "you mustn't say anything about that large mole on Dr. Fourthly's chin."

And Tommy didn't. He is probably the first boy of the kind of whom history makes any mention.—Chicago Tribune.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

Charley—Oh, doctor, Laura just told me that she thought you had a beautiful mustache.

Mother—Silly boy, you must not tell what your sister says to you or me.

Charley—That's all right, but Laura gave me a nickel to tell it.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Advanced Philosophy.

Vassar Student—Is marriage a proper noun?

Be-bloomered Professor—Oh, yes, it is proper, but certainly not expedient in this enlightened new-woman age.—N. Y. World.

One or the Other.

Mrs. Muchblest (indignantly)—Just because the baby cries all night is no reason why you should get drunk every evening, so that you won't hear her.

Mr. Muchblest—Well, get the baby drunk and I'll keep sober.—N. Y. World.

Unanswerable.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, it is said,
But the saying's repeated in vain
To the youth who remarks, with a shake of his head,
"What of that? The stone doesn't complain."
—Truth.

As to Disagreements.

"Henderson and his partner seem to have a good many serious disagreements."

"Yes; they couldn't quarrel worse if they were brothers."—Puck.

Exactly What He Shot.

"Hello; been hunting?"

"Yep."

"Shoot anything?"

"Yep."

"What?"

"Gun."—Chicago Record.

Homeopathic.

Mowler—I see some philosopher says that the way to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe it?

Cynicus—Certainly — if you run away with the girl.—Truth.

The Indication.

May—Count de Lane must be a bogus nobleman.

Eva—What makes you think so?

May — He is going to marry a poor girl.—Bay City Chat.

Danger.

First Tramp—It makes me nervous to sleep in one of dese lodgin'houses. Supposin' a fire wuz to break out in de night?

Second Tramp—Dat's so. Dem firemen would turn a hose on yer in a minute!—Truth.

Where They Fall Down.

They're very, very masculine,
But likely still to fall,
When they try to look sardonic
Upon a bargain sale.
—Detroit Tribune.

A DELICATE TASTE.

Shorter Grubb—I wish yer would help me, ma'am. Me ole pal died yesterday an'—

Mrs. Easy Fruit—What killed him?

Shorter Grubb—He tried ter eat turkey widout cranberry sauce.—Chicago Record.

He Had.

"I understand your employer has a very uniform temper?"

"He has—uniformly bad."—Chicago Times-Herald.